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Title: Kos Heb - The rozen Wastelands

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After a long day of sailing, I found the temperatures dropping, and a cold, hard breeze blowing off the sea north of Minoc. My tillerman expertly navigated the narrow channel, bringing us to the mouth of a cave. From the darknes beyond came a cold breeze that tore through my ringmail like an icy scythe. I wrapped my old healer's robe around me, and trudged onward, to the intrepid adventurers near the mouth of the cave. I was met with hails and scarce words. Mages, warriors and archers all huddled around the available campfire. Evil sounds howled within the cave. "The cave of Ice, passageway to the lost lands of Kos Heb.." I thought to myself, having seen the spot on many a sea chart detailing the Minoc area. Once, I had sailed into Kos Heb from the sea, but I never set foot onto the frozen tundra. "Aye." Said the horseback mage, who appeared to be the leader of the improvised party. "But inside lurketh

fearsome ice and snow  
elementals, and I can  
nae summon po'erful  
beings against them  
fer the efforts o' the  
ratmen mages in  
thar." he sat with a  
puzzled look, and the  
archer spoke up.  
"Yes, and we can  
barely scratch these  
ice elementals with all  
those beasts wailing  
away at us w'  
powerful magic.. we  
already lost a few  
warriors, and plan not  
to lose more. " At that,  
the large barbarian,  
halberd in hand, stood  
up. "She is right."  
He rumbled. "We lost  
three. My friend  
Koros, his brother  
Wealog the Cleric, and  
one of the warlocks."  
"Aye." The archer  
consented. I looked  
around. "We came so  
that we might have  
the fortune that can be  
found by slaying the  
creatures inside, some  
of which are known to  
carry the rare glacial  
staffs." I frowned,  
for two reasons.  
First of all, I had  
never needed such an  
expensive item in all  
my years as a ranger.  
Secondly, the staffs  
were very rare, a  
skilled adventurer  
could spend days in  
the cave without  
producing a staff.  
But these people were  
poor, and were  
entrallled by the  
possibility of instant  
wealth. "Will you  
help us?" the mage  
said. "We need all the  
help we can get."  
"Certainly." I replied,  
not thinking better of  
it. I would later wish

I had, but who's to say  
it wouldn't have  
happened as it did  
without me?  
"Wonderful." Said the  
mage. "There are  
three ice elementals  
and a number of  
ratmen mages  
crowding the  
entrance. We'll take  
the ice elies first,  
because they are  
killing our warriors."  
"No. " I said. "We'll  
take the ratmages  
first so that you  
might summon us  
some powerful  
elemental beings to  
fight on our behalf."  
"A good idea." The  
mage said. "Charge!" I  
grabbed his sleeve.  
"Wait, wait.." I began.  
"You're a sitting duck  
to those ice elementals.  
We shall go in first,  
the barbarian and I,  
followed closely by  
the healer to keep us  
alive, then the girl  
will lay down some  
cover fire as you come  
in and cast a few  
powerful magic spells  
on the ratmen, ending  
the fight. Then we  
retreat back to here  
to meditate and heal.  
Understood."  
"Aye.." Said the girl.  
"Aye." Said the  
barbarian. "Indeed."  
said the healer. "Oh  
very well then!" The  
mage laughed. "You  
pitiful warriors plan  
all you want. My  
magic will end those  
rat's lives before  
long."  
I went in, the  
darkness engulfing  
me. Before I could  
adjust my eyes, an  
arm of solid ice  
smashed into my

shield. The halberd  
was swung just over  
my head, and crashed  
into the ice, sending a  
spray of slush  
around. The  
incredible cold was  
painful, but nothing  
compared to the  
awesomly hard fists  
of the beast. Yet, we  
stood strong, pushing  
the beast back into the  
rats, which began  
casting powerful  
spells on us. Amid  
the flames and  
explosions, the healer  
would gently touch us,  
sealing the wounds,  
soothing the burns.  
We yelled for the  
archer, and soon a  
deadly rain of arrows  
distracted the rats,  
which turned to their  
new prey. A fist  
arose, and I was  
knocked to the snow. I  
looked around at the  
array of frozen  
corpses. Men, rats,  
elementals, and all  
manner of beast were  
perfectly preserved  
in the walls and even  
the ceilings. I stopped  
my morbid fascination  
just in time to dodge a  
crushing foot sent  
down upon me. Two  
pillars of flame  
arose, and the ratmen  
dropped dead, burning  
and filled with  
arrows. "Fall back!" I  
yelled, as the  
barbarian and I had  
already suffered  
enough. But the mage  
was already  
summoning a demon  
from the pit. "Let him  
finish this spell,  
ranger." The  
barbarian belted,  
smashing that  
dreadful halberd into

the face of the ice  
being. I fixed my  
feet into the ground.  
"He's going to get us  
killed..." I said. "He's  
going to get us rich."  
The barbarian replied.  
Suddenly the ground  
sprung open, and a  
daemon arose, as a  
mental battle raged on  
between him and the  
mage. Soon, though,  
the mage had forced  
the daemon to do his  
bidding, and the  
massive broadsword  
rending the ice  
elementals signaled  
our retreat. But the  
mage and the girl were  
already headed deeper  
into the cave. We ran  
after them, away  
from the daemonic  
howls. Suddenly, the  
mage vanished, and  
the girl fled past us. I  
found a black potion in  
my bag and drank it.  
As the light came to  
my eyes I saw a  
horrific arctic ogre  
lord bearing down on  
me, enraged! I let loose  
a volley of arrows,  
retreating as I fired..  
Then, a horrible  
noise, of metal  
grinding, arose behind  
the beast. A pillar of  
blades arose from the  
ground, and began to  
tear into the fiend.  
The mage laughed  
evily as the fiend  
turned to face the new  
threat. I sent arrows  
into the beast, for he  
had nearly crushed  
the blade spirit. The  
mage, also seeing this,  
summoned up another,  
but this one turned on  
him. As we watched,  
his body was reduced  
to a bloody pulp that  
quickly froze on the

ice. We bolted, past  
the battle, outside into  
the Lost Lands. As we  
gathered our senses, a  
pile of snow arose,  
and a pillar of flame  
engulfed the archer  
girl. She tried to run,  
but the wounds were  
too much, and her  
running kept her  
away from the  
healer's touch. I knew  
the danger as she  
died, and the others  
panicked. "We're  
getting out of here." I  
said. "Back in the  
cave." "NO!" the  
barbarian burst out.  
"THAT THING is still  
in there..." he never  
finished his sentence,  
as a horrible frost  
troll drove a giant axe  
between the man's  
shoulderblades. The  
next swing of the axe  
sliced my shield in  
half, but the healer  
had stuck the beast to  
the ground with  
\*the journal ends here,  
blood staining it\*